

THE QUIVER

Saturday, August 25, 1866.



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"Was she dead—with fear—and all through him?"—p. 772.

CELT AGAINST SAXON.

THE substance of the following tale is matter of tradition in the locality to which it refers. In putting it into readable form, I have taken the liberty of grafting and pruning a little, so as to

disguise characters and scenes; because the descendants of some of the parties concerned still dwell in the vicinity, into whose hands it might chance to come.

In the year of the "Black Death" (the great plague of 1665), this countryside was desolated by that great judgment. Whole families were swept into the grave, root and branch; households died and received no burial till the roofs of their neglected dwellings fell in and performed that office; some, when seized with the distemper, went and lay down by the side of some old hanging dyke which was likely soon to fall and cover them; and some even dug their own graves, and lay down in them to die, so that their friends would only have to cover them. Some fled in terror to the hills, and wandered about like ghosts, shunning their fellows for fear of infection. Ah! what a time they must have had! sleeping in woods and lonely glens, in caves by the moaning sea or the roaring "linn," with the cry of death everywhere around them; waking at midnight from some frightful dream, when the hooting of the owl and the noise of waters would seem to be the shrieks of the troubled spirits of their dead friends who lay unburied on the hearth. Ah! it was a dreadful time.

When the blast of pestilence was past—when God's pure air again sang in the leaves, and the sweet breath of health blew in from the ocean, in some parts there were few inhabitants left. In some beautiful glens, where formerly the cheery voice of labour awoke the morning, no sound of living thing was heard, but the bleat of sheep and the cry of moor-fowl.

It would not do to let the fields lie waste, and, at the invitation of the proprietor, a small colony of Lowlanders came and settled in the place. Their character and habits were somewhat different from those of the Highlanders. They dealt less in herds and flocks, and more in cropping and raising cereal produce; introduced better modes of cultivation, and an improved system of husbandry. They were peaceful and industrious; and the land, under their management, soon had a better appearance than the surrounding district. Some of the Highland farmers, taking example from these neighbours, began improvements which, in the end, would benefit themselves. Most of them, however, looked upon the Lowland people as interlopers, and scorned their newfangled ways; and among the latter were not wanting those who made no scruple at showing their contempt of the primitive implements and modes and habits of the Highlanders. The blood of a Lowlander may not be so hot as that of a Highlander, but both, as well as every other race of our fallen humanity, have their self-conceited, egotistic, and choleric spirits among them.

For several years things went on with tolerable smoothness; but the popular feeling against the Lowlanders was getting stronger. Various plans were put in operation to force them to go back to where they came from, but without success; and at last a conspiracy was formed for their destruction.

The plot was originated and headed by one Laspie Rua, or Red Archibald, a man who was both looked up to and feared, on account of his daring and vindictive disposition. More than once he had had private quarrels with his Lowland neighbours, and bided his time for revenge. His influence was great; and, having unfolded his project to a number of like-minded spirits, they went at night far and near, inflaming their countrymen against the settlers—which, in many cases, was not difficult to do—and taking an oath of secrecy and co-operation. A few, who were on friendly terms with the Lowlanders, and who profited by learning from them, ventured to remonstrate, but they were threatened, and forced to take the oath. Among the latter was Ronald M'Gregor, a nephew of Laspie. He deeply loved a Lowland maid, Mary Thompson, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and, for her sake, would have spilt his blood to save her people. But he knew that open opposition was worse than useless, that they would soon find an effectual method of silencing him, and entered with apparent heartiness into his uncle's design. But his heart was torn with fighting thoughts. A cloud filled with red lightning was about to burst on her whom he loved more than his own soul, and on her friends. What should he do to save them, or apprise them of the danger? He dared not break his oath—his honour was bound up in it. What was he to do? Many a wild plan he formed, and then gave up as impracticable.

While the plot was ripening, friendly intercourse with the Lowlanders was encouraged, to lull suspicion; and Ronald had no difficulty in seeing Mary as often as he pleased.

Often before had they wandered by the dark waters of Glencorrie, at the foot of which her father lived, while Ronald joked and laughed, and told fairy legends and tales of feuds that had been long ago, and talked of the happy days in store for them; but now he was silent, and his countenance was troubled. Mary wondered at the change: she knew he still loved her, for she often caught him looking at her, when he thought he was unnoticed, with eyes full of deepest tenderness. She knew some secret trouble was gnawing at his heart; but, as he did not tell her, she feared to increase his bitterness by asking him.

Meanwhile the crisis was approaching. A meeting of the conspirators was about to be held, to decide on the manner of carrying out their design, and appoint a time for its execution. The Lowlanders, apparently, had no suspicion of what was going on. Ronald felt that they must be saved, and that he was the only person to save them. More than once, in his agony of mind, he was on the point of breaking his oath; but that would be dishonourable, he thought, even though it had been forced upon him. He must find some other plan.

The night of the decisive convention at length arrived. Ronald, for the sake of his own feelings, would fain have remained away, but, as the nephew of Laspie Rua, he dared not be absent: it would awaken distrust, and defeat his purpose; and, besides, he wished to learn their measures, that he might be able, in some way or other, to counteract them. He left his home early, and, on his way to the rendezvous, called on Mary. The young moon was shining, and they set out on their usual walk up the glen. Mary had determined to ask him concerning his secret distress, that she might at least give him her sympathy. So, after they had talked awhile about general matters, she said—

"Ronald, there is some trouble on your mind that you will not share with me; maybe I could help you to bear it."

"Yes," said Ronald; "I was going to speak of it to-night, for I cannot bear this silence any longer. I fear there is some great calamity about to fall on you and your people. As I came through the path of the glen a raven sat on a rock, and croaked ominously as I passed, and the white owl swept through the trees down by your father's house with dismal cries."

"But you do not heed these omens, Ronald."

"No, Mary; I do not fear *them*; but there are worse: there are evil spirits in the glen. I have heard them whispering among the trees; I have seen and heard them more than once; I have seen them flit in the moonbeams across the moors; I have heard them muttering curses on the breath of night; I have heard them whispering darkly of the fate that awaits your people; I wish I could tell you what they say; but my lips are sealed—a power invisible holds me. That is the secret that is burning my heart. Mary, I fear their might and malignity—I tremble for you and your people."

"Ronald, Ronald! are you in earnest? Don't speak in that way, you frighten me. You used to laugh when you told a ghost story. I do not fear the spirits."

"You are a brave girl, Mary. I wish you had only seen and heard them as I have, then you could judge of what they say, and warn your friends, when my lips are sealed."

At that moment a deep joy began to play about Ronald's heart, for it flashed upon him that Mary might be made the instrument for defeating the design of his countrymen; so he continued—

"Mary, this is like the nights on which they are seen, and it is now near their time of appearing. Can you dare to come with me?"

"Yes, Ronald; take me with you; I want to know all that you know, that I may help you to bear all your anxieties, even though they should only be fancies."

The gathering of the Highlanders was to be in a

lonely part of the glen, where there would be little danger of interruption. It was a high platform of rock by the side of a roaring cataract, screened by surrounding overhanging bushes, most of which are now taken away to form sheep-fences, and the sound of the water would prevent their voices being heard beyond a few yards' distance. From one side of this platform the rock rises like a wall, and about twenty feet up the face there is a small cave called the "Smugglers' Hole." This is reached by a narrow winding ledge from a higher part of the glen. The entrance to the cave is concealed by heather that grows hanging down over it; and a person within could hear and see all that passed below without danger of being discovered. In the Smugglers' Hole, then, Roland would conceal Mary, that she might learn, without his uttering a word, how the Highlanders regarded her people, and impart the secret that they might be prepared to defend themselves.

Silently and quickly they walked up the glen, for Roland was fearful that eyes might be upon them, and, winding along the ledge, soon reached the cave. Here they paused a moment and looked around; two figures, visible between them and the sky were advancing over a shoulder of the hill. In a little these had disappeared in the black hollow of the trees, and three others had come in sight. Roland dared wait no longer.

"Mary," he said, "these are some of the evil spirits I spoke of."

"But these are living men!"

"Yes, Mary; they are still in the body, and, therefore, the more dangerous. Haste—follow me!" and, shedding aside the heather, he bent and crept into the recess. He struck a light, which showed the cave. Near the narrow entrance a ledge abutted from one side, which served very well for a seat; and, sitting down, with Mary by his side, Ronald extinguished his light.

"Mary," he said, "I know you are a brave girl: could you venture to wait here while I go out for a little? when I return you shall know the thing that troubles me. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," said Mary; "only don't be long."

"I will come as soon as I can. You are quite safe here, only remain quiet; and, should anything happen, know that I am near, within sound of your voice. Only this I ask, remain within—be still." And, with a pressure of her hand, he was gone.

Ronald, as soon as he emerged from the cave, seized a branch that hung close to the cliff, swung himself down to the level below, and cautiously hurried along the path by which the others were to come, keeping well open both eyes and ears. In a little he heard the sound of coming steps; he stopped, crept aside, and concealed himself under a tree among ferns and brambles. In a few seconds

two men appeared: they were his fierce uncle and another leader in the plot, the first to be at the place of meeting; they passed him, talking in low and earnest tones. As soon as they were out of sight Ronald came into the path again, and followed them, slowly, that others might overtake and be with him at the rendezvous. He was soon joined by several, who hurried on when they saw him.

In a short time all were assembled. They were a brave but savage-looking group, well befitting the rugged, lonely spot in which they were met.

After some talking with one another, Laspie stood up to speak. He was a man of powerful frame, rugged aspect, and furious manner.

"We are Highlanders," he said. "The bright blood of our dauntless fathers flows in our veins; shall we let it mix with the base current of a soft-hearted, cowardly race? That is what it shall come to, if the Lowlanders remain here. The best of the lands that were our fathers are given to low-born strangers, who have no right to be here. They condemn our language, and laugh at our ways. Shall we endure it?—shall we tamely submit to have it lorded over us by them? No, we shall not; the spirits of our fathers would rise from their very graves, to point at us with scorn. The stranger will not give up our land and depart. If we use open force, the military will resist us. But we *shall* have our revenge. This is our plan: To-morrow a party will go to Hazlewood Hill, to make 'woodies,'* with which we will fasten their doors, to prevent escape, while we fire their houses. To-morrow night we meet here, to name those who are to fire each house. On the third night, at the midnight hour, the fire shall be applied; and then, let them burn—burn!"

A slight scream from above caused several of the men to start, and look at each other. Ronald, who noticed it, though inwardly fearing, asked them, with a derisive laugh, if they were afraid of the hooting of an owl. Laspie, however, who had worked himself into an ecstasy of fury, noticed nothing. He went on, with fierce gesticulations, to imbue his hearers with his own spirit. After several rounds of appeals to their courage, their regard for ancestry, their pedigree, their contempt for, and hatred of, base-born interlopers, he wound up his oration with maledictions on the Lowlanders. He then dismissed the company, with a caution to be still and dark—"Lest," he said, "some prying *sassenach* be awake; for they have both eyes and ears, I allow that."

Soon the men were wending, in twos and threes, along the dark hollows to their homes. Ronald lingered till the last were going, went with them a short distance, and then, pretending to take a short way home, left them, and, plunging into the wood,

hurried back to the cave. He had almost reached the foot of the cliff, when a crackling noise among the brushwood caused him to stop and listen. It was two of the late conclave, crossing in an opposite direction.

"You say you heard something in the Smugglers' Hole?" said one.

"I am almost sure I did," said the other; "it was like a faint cry as of terror."

"Yes, just like that," said the former. "I heard it, too. Ronald seemed to hear it also, for he laughed something about the hooting of an owl. He is a brave fellow, Ronald, and fears nothing; but you was no owl, I assure you. What if our plot is known, and a spy hidden there to learn our plans? Let us to the Hole. If any one was there he will not leave till all be quiet; and if we find him, his life shall go for it."

Ronald stayed to hear no more. Swiftly and silently he soon reached the crag. But how could he get up? The men would be coming round by the only path that led to the cave, and he had no time to spare. With desperate effort he clung to threads of ivy and roots of fern that grew on the face of the rocks. They gave way, and he fell more than once; but at last he succeeded in scrambling up. As he knelt to creep in, his face came into contact with that of Mary; she was lying motionless in the door of the cave. A terrible fear came over him. He called her softly: there was no answer. He touched her—shook her: there was no movement. Was she dead—with fear—and all through him? "Oh, Mary!" he groaned in anguish. He could not wait there, however; in a few minutes the others would be upon him. He lifted her gently, and clasping her to his breast with one hand, seized with the other, in strength of madness, the branch he had before used in descending, and succeeded in landing with his burden safe at the bottom.

He sped through the wood with Mary in his arms, keeping a keen eye all around, and occasionally stopping to listen, lest he might be observed. Just before turning out of sight, in a bend of the glen, he looked back and saw, outlined against the sky, the figures of the two men moving cautiously along the ledge towards the cave. He had escaped. Still he ran on, scarcely knowing what he did, distracted with grief and rage, till a faint movement of Mary made him start with joy. He laid her on the grass, got water and bathed her face, and began chafing her hands. She opened her eyes, and, recognising him, said, "Ronald, am I dreaming? I have had a fearful dream!" and then, with a cry, swooned away again. In a short time she revived, consciousness returned, and also a measure of bodily strength; so that, with Ronald's assistance, she was able to walk home.

The rest of my story is soon told.

That night a couple of horsemen were dashing

* Woodie—a stout rope of twisted wands.

along the north road to the nearest military station, Inverawe Castle; and before the close of another day a company of soldiers were quartered in the district. The Highlanders were overawed, and took quietly again to their agricultural pursuits. Some of them, indeed, were glad of what had occurred, for they were averse to the cruel measures of their more fiery neighbours. Time soothed the feelings of both parties. The bitterness between the races gradually wore off, except with a few inveterate persons, who nursed old grudges in secret, and aired them now and then by discontented mutterings.

Laspie Rua, a short time after his scheme miscarried, was drowned, while out fishing in an open

boat. Some considered this as a judgment upon him; but we have no right to think so. It might, or it might not—we do not know.

As a matter of course, Ronald and Mary, in due time, were married. For many years the way in which the plot was discovered to the Lowlanders was kept secret, for fear of revenge being taken. But Ronald, when an old man, would often tell, with a gleam of his youthful fire, the story of the "Hazelwood Hill Plot."

Whether he broke his oath or not, in the way he took of revealing his secret to Mary, and through her to her people, may be doubtful; but this we know, that it is better to break an oath which we believe to be wrong than to keep it. J. H.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.



HE abrupt simplicity with which the 116th Psalm commences is singularly emphatic—"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. He hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Oppressed with some severe affliction,

he had cried importunately to the Lord, and now returns as a thankful and rejoicing worshipper to the Lord's house, recounting his goodness, and dedicating himself afresh to his service.

1. *Prayer is the safest test of a man's personal Christianity.* It is the utterance of want before Him who is able to supply. It implies spiritual life, for men of the world never really pray. It implies faith—faith in God the Father—for no man will pray unless he believes that He condescends to hear and attend to his cry; faith in God the Son, the Mediator, for no man can come to the Father but through him; and faith in God the Spirit, for he alone teaches how to pray, and what to pray for. It implies self-denying conflict, for there is no duty to which our nature is more strongly disinclined than prayer.

2. *Every true Christian must, does, will pray.* He that neglects prayer has no spark of spiritual life. Alive to God, the soul must breathe its wants to him. It is possible that a man may never read a chapter of the Bible, never hear a sermon, never join in public worship, or receive either sacrament, and yet may belong to Christ's Church militant here on earth, and hereafter to his Church triumphant in heaven; such was the penitent and believing thief on the cross; but there is no salvation without prayer. It may be uttered in few words, but they will be words of vast power and meaning; or he may spend long seasons in deep, protracted fellow-

ship with God; he may kneel or stand; he may even pray as he passes along the street, or in the quietness of some solitary retirement; still somehow, somewhere, he will pray. And he that habitually abstracts himself from worldly scenes and thoughts, finds repose and strength in congenial fellowship with God, pours out his wants, his fears, and grateful acknowledgments of innumerable mercies before the "throne of the heavenly grace," has something deeper than the form of godliness. If he be not already a member of Christ, and an heir of his kingdom, he is not far from it.

3. *Prayer is one of the great duties of the Christian's life.* He is surrounded with wants which God supplies,—mercies which he bestows,—perils from which he delivers,—sins which he forgives, that he gratefully acknowledges it to be his bounden duty, with humility, thankfulness, and fervour, to present himself, with his debt of ten thousand sins and ten thousand mercies, before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ in prayer.

4. *Prayer is his greatest privilege.* Access to an earthly monarch is a high gift only granted to few; like many other earthly honours, it is obtained with difficulty, and not always attended with corresponding advantage. But in prayer we have access to Him who possesses and engages infallibly to confer whatever will promote our real good; who has already "spared not," but freely bestowed the greatest of all gifts, compared with which every other blessing is inconceivably insignificant. What a privilege, then, to come into his presence! And is it not strange that any man should approach his throne unwillingly, as if he felt uneasy and embarrassed in holding fellowship with the Father of spirits?

5. *Prayer is the unfailing means for obtaining blessings from God.* Not that our prayer makes him

willing to give, or is needful to inform him of our wants; he knows our necessities before we ask, and "is more ready to give than we to pray." There may be philosophic difficulties in the theory of prayer, but no difficulties in fulfilling the blessed duty itself. God requires us to feel our wants,—to acknowledge and spread them out before him; to ask, knock, seek, wait, and continue without weariness, "instant in prayer." Convinced of this, still, perhaps, you bewail the absence of the fervour with which others urge their requests. Many are discouraged because they lack the fire of devout affections kindling and burning within the breast. Be it so. Still, let your feelings change and disappoint you as they may, be real in prayer. Let not your resolution falter,—be sincere and in earnest, knowing that you must obtain the blessings you ask. Be resolved, like Jacob in his midnight conflict,—like Hezekiah in his crisis of national peril,—like Daniel when prayer itself was interdicted,—like the Canaanitish mother who defied discouragement; and be sure that such prayers, glorifying the Giver of all good, glorifying Christ as the Great Mediator, and glorifying the Holy Spirit, the helper in prayer, sooner or later must obtain their requests. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

6. *Prayer promotes the growth and stability of spiritual life.* This is very conspicuous in St. Paul's prayers for his converts. He prays that the Ephesians might receive more knowledge and power, more stability and love; for the Philippians, increasing consistency, usefulness, patience, joy; that the Thessalonians might possess richer experience, deeper consolation, and wider usefulness; that the Galatians might overcome their peculiar temptations; and the Hebrews endure faithfully to the end. Such, and such like spiritual blessings are always felt to be needful, and supply matter for constant and believing prayer.

7. *The Christian's prayers for spiritual growth are often answered by bringing his graces into exercise.* He strengthens faith by bringing you into hardships; patience, by appointing you to suffer; stability, by temptations to go away from Christ; joy in himself, by surrounding you with earthly sorrows. The Church of Christ will never cease to feel its obligations to that vivid delineation of spiritual experience, in Book iii., Hymn 36, entitled, "Prayer answered by Crosses," in the Olney Hymns—

"I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face," &c.

8. *We have many things to pray for belonging to this life.* These, too, when not asked amiss, are unfailingly given. Sometimes the Lord gives im-

mediately the very thing we ask, as when Hezekiah was restored to health; the angel delivered Peter from prison even while the Church was engaged in prayer for him. Sometimes he grants the request, but at a future time, and in an unexpected manner—as St. Paul's prayer that he might visit Rome, but it was after much delay, and then as a prisoner of the Lord. Sometimes he withholds the thing asked, but gives something better—as he refused to let Moses enter Canaan, but took him straight to heaven. Sometimes he leaves you to suffer a while, but stands by and strengthens you—as he made his grace sufficient for St. Paul, though he left the thorn to rankle in the flesh; and even the Lord himself, though he offered strong crying and tears, yet his sufferings were not removed, but an angel was sent from heaven to strengthen him.

9. *Nothing is more encouraging than the assurance that prayer is heard.* This assurance is often experienced even before the answer is given. When you are moved as by a strong mysterious impulse to pray for any special object,—when your heart yearns and dilates, as it were, with unwonted freedom when engaged in prayer,—when you find yourself prompted to plead with an importunity that seems to take no denial, and yet with such self-abasement that you wonder that you dare pray at all,—when you have great boldness and access with confidence by faith in Christ, and are conscious that the Spirit himself is then helping your infirmities, and drawing you thus to seek the Lord, such experience as this is a certain and Divine intimation that your prayer is accepted.

10. *To help in this great exercise, Scripture history is everywhere enriched with examples of success.* Hagar's silent prayer obtained her request, and her son's name, "Ishmael," is the memorial of her affliction and the Lord's mercy; Abraham's prayer obtained the great promise that in Isaac should all the families of the earth be blessed; Samuel's stone set up at Mizpeh was the memorial of his prayer answered, that "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Nay, time would fail to tell of Moses and Joshua, of David and Elijah, of Paul and Luther, of Wesley and Baxter, of Henry Martyn and R. M. M'Cheyne, of countless parents praying for their children, and pastors for their people, and Christian friends one for another—how they obtained deliverance from peril, were preserved unhurt amid scenes of death, upheld under crushing calamities, and comforted even with sorrow on every side. And these are recorded, some in God's inspired Scriptures, others graven indelibly in the grateful tablets of believing hearts, and proclaimed in songs of undying thankfulness to the Giver of all mercy. These things show what are the needs and sorrows which God's people are wont to embody in prayer. It is an immense encouragement, too, to read the very words they uttered which prevailed to bring down

the blessing. We cherish them as precious memorials of what faith can do. And many of the prayers which were so successful when first breathed have been used over and over again, and brought blessings which enriched and strengthened others. Millions of penitents have uttered the very same cry which burst from the broken heart of the publican, and obtained the same mercy which he sought, in tears, in the temple; and millions of Christ's terrified disciples, tossed with the waves of sorrow, as stormy as the restless waters of Gennesaret, have uttered the cry, "Save, Lord, we perish!" and, like them, obtained instant relief from danger, and yet were rebuked for their unbelief. And how many of God's people, in their seasons of agonising dismay, have knelt before their heavenly Father, "sorrowful and very heavy," and could only give utterance to the words which fell from holier lips than theirs, and from a heavier heart, that "if it were possible, the cup might pass from them;" and, when no relief could be found but in prayer, have gone again and again, "saying the same words." And what matters it if we do? God is not weary of hearing the same cry of faith; nor will he ever deny his mercy to those who in their day of trouble call upon him in the assured persuasion that he will help and deliver.

11. *Answers to prayer are great encouragements to pray again.* "Because He hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." This is right and reasonable. What else

can we do? Where else can we go? To whom besides can we look for grace, and strength, and mercy? "As long as we live," events will occur creating the same strong necessity for prayer, and fresh and urgent occasions to betake yourself to Christ. Let the world serve you as it may, no other will be to you what Christ is. What changes life may yet bring about you cannot foresee; but his eye anticipates and arranges each coming event. His presence transforms scenes of trouble into channels of good. Life will be a restless journey; but he gives resignation under losses, comfort in the midst of trouble, strength in weakness, and peace in its closing scenes; and knowing this, "I will call upon him as long as I live." Prayer will lighten every cross, and bring him to my side who will help in all necessities, and bring me through all dangers. Prayer will open "doors of hope" when every way seems shut, and kindle rays of light when darkness and desolation gather around. Prayer can bring relief when we are become strangers upon the earth, and our once cheerful home circle is silent and altered. Prayer can help to fill the chasm which all earthly comforts fail to supply, and give sure anticipations of joys yet to be revealed, when things which once made life's pathway bright are hidden in the grave. In fact,

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer."

GOLDEN HOURS.

BONNY young girl with the gipsy face,
Sun-kist hair, and the eyes of blue,
Down in the meadows you'll quickly
trace

The daisy course, where the little ones race:
How does the summer-time speed with you?

Merry the days go travelling past,
For work with mother is labour sweet;
The sunset hours arrive at last,
And curly Frank can run so fast:
He's waiting you now in your cool retreat.

Minna is twining a daisy chain,
And Harry's away with the silver bream;
And mischievous Will has caught again
His sister Alice, who hides in vain
Where blue forget-me-nots kiss the stream.

But you will gather the children round,
And tell them a tale of the fairy rings;
Tell how a child who a rosebud found,
And planted it deep in the kindly ground,
Was borne to heaven on angels' wings.

Or tell again of that sad princess,
Whose wild-swan brothers were doomed to
roam
Away from their sister's kindliness,
Though they came each day for a fond caress
To the mountain cave which she made her home.

And then at last o'er the highest tree
The moon will steal with her silver rays;
And when they are safe at home you'll see
The children kneel at their mother's knee,
To thank their God for his summer days.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HIGH CEREMONIES.

WHEN one goes to Rome, he must do as Rome does," so runs the old adage; and I fear it is only too true. I think I must for myself, at all events, confess to the truth of the saying; for I almost lived in St. Peter's. I stood out long and tedious services, and wearied myself with an almost endless round of ceremonies; and, under the name of religion, wasted a good many precious hours, which most of my friends tell me would have been better and more profitably spent amid the associations of the Caesars than of the Pontiffs. Still, it was mainly for this purpose I have come here, and I have contrived to blend both aspects of Rome within the compass of the one visit.

After my leisurely visit to St. Peter's, described in the preceding chapter, I found it was time to present my letters of introduction. One of these was addressed to the Hon. and Very Rev. Monsignore Talbot, the Chamberlain to the Pope. I accordingly proceeded to deliver this letter. I climbed the lofty staircase of the Vatican, past the Raphael Gallery, to the chambers of Monsignore. As I reached the door of the chambers, I confronted a tall, handsome, English-looking gentleman, of light complexion, gracefully and very becomingly dressed in a purple *soutane*, buttoned closely from the neck to the feet. In the course of a bow and a mutual salutation, it transpired that this was the Monsignore, to whom I handed the letter. He read it, and at once introduced me to his apartments. There is nothing of any moment connected with this visit that would require it to be kept as a state secret. It was, on his part, a friendly reception of a stranger coming from his own country; and it was, on my part, a pleasure to be able to see and speak with one so near to the Papal authority.

Our conversation at first was on small matters and trifles. He asked me why particularly I had visited Rome—supposed it was to see the ceremonies—would not find them at all edifying—too many strangers in town—too much of mere sight-seeing—scarcely any devotion—all crowding, and crushing, and excitement. In this he spake but too truly—the ceremonies of Holy Week are not at all edifying. We then talked about my route of travel, my accommodation in Rome, what the probable expense of the tour might be, and all that. The Monsignore then asked me about the state of parties (Church parties) in England—about High Church, Low Church, Broad Church—and wished

to know to which of these I belonged. He further inquired about the ritualistic doings in the Church of England. I was obliged to confess that there was a considerable movement in the direction of high ritual, but that it was chiefly confined to a few clergymen, and that the great body of the English laity had no sympathy with the movement.

The Monsignore then stated his own views on the matter. He said—"I do not consider the Tractarian party to be sincere: they hold all our doctrine, and yet they remain apart from us. The Evangelicals have less light, and less appreciation of [Roman] Catholic truth; and yet I believe them to be nearer salvation."

For this kindly expression I thanked him, though it did not reflect creditably on either head or heart of Evangelicism, and I said—"Then do you admit that we may be saved?"

"Oh, yes," said the Monsignore; "you are all baptised, and we acknowledge the baptism of heretics."

"Heretics!" I said. "Now, Monsignore, I think it rather hard that you should call us heretics. May I ask you to point out in what respect we hold any doctrine that is not clearly contained in Holy Scripture? Let us take St. Peter's Epistles, and by what St. Peter has written I am ready to stand or fall in the matter of the charge of heresy."

He replied—"You in England partake much of the Nestorian heresy, seeing you withhold from the blessed Virgin the title of 'Mother of God.' This must greatly impair your appreciation of the catholic truth of the Divinity of Christ."

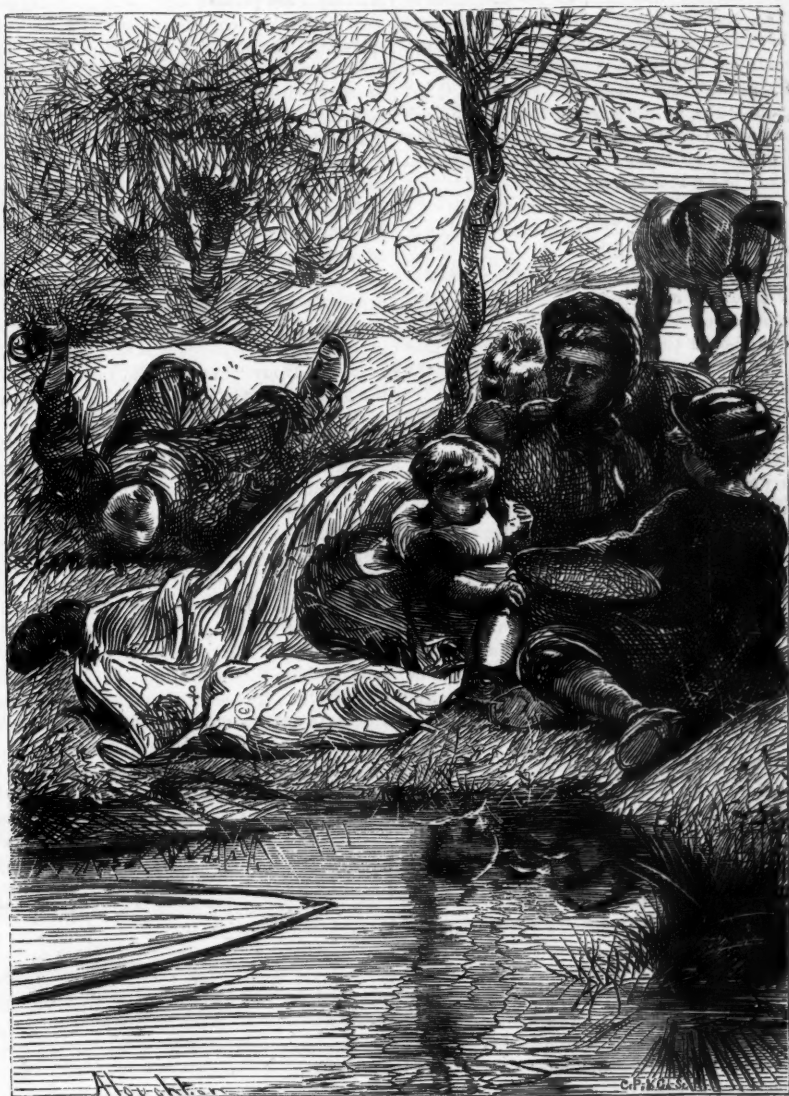
"Now, Monsignore," I said, "I have not come here for controversy, I am here to see things that are to be seen; but if you so desire it, I am prepared; only remember, it is not I that have provoked it."

To this he fairly assented; whereupon I proceeded to observe—"We call the blessed Virgin by the title by which she is called in Scripture, 'the mother of Jesus' (John ii. 1)."

"Just so," he replied; "but is not Jesus God? so that, being the mother of Jesus, she is the mother of God."

"Not so," I answered; "this confounds the natures of Christ—Divine and human. The Divine nature never was born, and, therefore, could never have had any maternity. The human nature was born, and of *this* nature only was Mary the mother."

He did not seem to see this, whereupon I strengthened my position—



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"But you will gather the children round,
And tell them a tale of the fairy rings."—p. 770.

"Call to mind, Monsignore," I said, "the words of the Athanasian Creed, an authority with both of us—'God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: and man, of the substance of his mother, born in the world.' In each of us there is the double nature—the body and the soul; now, my parents are not the parents of my spirit, but only of the body, as, in fact, the Athanasian Creed says again—'For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ.' The Divine nature in Christ was unborn; the human nature only had a human parentage."

"But I do not mean," said the Monsignore—"I do not mean to say that Mary was the mother of the Divine nature in Christ."

"And yet you do say that she was the mother of God," I observed, and proceeded at once to point out this strange inconsistency. "You say she is not the mother of the *Divine nature*, and yet that she is the mother of *God*. Now, what is the Divine nature but God?"

From this he could not retreat. I did not feel that that was either the time or place to pursue my advantage; so we passed on to a little talk about Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," and his proposed offer of peace with Rome. We both agreed that such a proposition was impracticable; that a flag of truce unfurled to the Church of Rome means an unconditional submission and surrender to all she teaches and demands. Her claim to infallibility has stereotyped her doctrines—"What I have written, I have written." I further said that we Protestants do also base our faith on the claim of infallibility—the unerring and irrevocable testimony of the Word of God, and the Scripture cannot be broken. My own opinion is that so long as Rome builds on her own infallibility, and keeps to it, and we build upon the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures, and cleave thereto, it is impossible we should ever meet; and if possible, it would not be desirable on any other terms than the drooping of the standard of human authority to the higher authority of the Word of God.

"Well, Monsignore," I said, "I have occupied much of your time. I suppose you are going to the Sistine Chapel this afternoon. I am about to take my place so as to be in time for the *Miserere*."

He rose and thanked me for the interview, and thus ended a conversation that we both enjoyed, extending over more than an hour, in which we talked together and reasoned one with the other, in a good and friendly spirit, on points of essential difference between us.

I proceeded through the corridors of the Vatican, and being thus privileged I entered the Sala Regia direct, the grand hall of the Sistine Chapel, about 3 p.m. Now, hereby hangs a tale!

At an earlier hour of the morning I had sauntered through this magnificent hall, which

stands at the top of the return staircase from the Piazza of St. Peter's, and is the ante-chamber to the Sistine and Pauline Chapels of the Vatican. Already a few persons had assembled—three ladies, who had taken up their places for an early admission. The doors of the Sistine were closed; a fat little man was standing on the steps, in a kind of semi-official authority. Thinking that I had come four or five hours before the time to take my place, he began, in a most amusing way to comment upon my coat—a very respectable black frock-coat, such as I wear on no mean occasions in London. He lifted the skirt, and he felt it, and he laughed, and he gravely assured me that no admission would by any possibility be granted to any gentleman appearing in any other than full evening costume. This was awkward for me, for (to tell the truth) I had not included a dress-coat in my travelling baggage. Oh, why did not my best friend, my "most candid friend," tell me, as the first and last advice before leaving home, "to remember not to forget to take my dress-coat?" Why, St. Peter himself could not get through Rome comfortably during Holy Week without a modern dress-coat. It is the great essential—first, last, everything; more than the magic silver key; more than anything for securing comfort, accommodation, and attention in Rome during Holy Week.

A few hours happily intervened before the performance of the *Tenebre*. The first person I met was Philippo, our courier. I poured forth my griefs to him. Now, Philippo had learned English from English travellers, and he had somehow been taught to preface every sentence with the naughty sentiment, "By George!"

I said, "Oh, Philippo! what shall I do? I have got no dress-coat with me." "By George, then," said he, "you can't get in anywhere this week!"

This was sufficiently alarming; but he instantly relieved me by saying that he had a dress-coat, which he would be happy to lend me.

Thus accoutred, I proceeded to the Sistine Chapel, to take my place for the commencement of the ceremonies—the singing of the *Tenebre* and the *Miserere*. I have already said that I entered the Sala Regia, at about three o'clock, from the Vatican. This saved me some two hours of weary crushing and crowding on the stairs—the ordinary mode of access, where the multitudes throng in thousands from an early hour, to secure a place in a chapel that provides accommodation for only a very few hundreds. There were only about a dozen gentlemen similarly privileged; all the rest were pent up on the stairs outside.

The service was to commence at half-past four; and for at least three hours before that time, groups of ladies with tickets came pouring in thick and fast. I stood on the step of the Sistine until the

time came for the admission of gentlemen. All that entered passed beside me. Each lady was dressed in the prescribed mourning uniform. At intervals, ladies would arrive dressed in colours; but they were in all cases refused admission.

A file of Swiss guards, dressed in their gorgeous and variegated uniform, entered the Sala Regia, and took up their position at the door of the Sistine. When all the seats had been occupied by ladies with tickets, the doors were flung wide open for the gentlemen. I was the third to enter, and I took up a front position in the very best part of the chapel. The staircase doors were next opened, and then came the general rush, pell-mell—such a flood of people! Every spot of ground was instantly occupied; and thus jammed together, we awaited the commencement of the service. While we are waiting, let us take a view of the chapel and all that is going on.

The Sistine Chapel is a small building, about 135 feet long, by 45 wide. On this occasion it is divided into two equal parts: the one for the Pope and cardinals and their attendants, and the other for the congregation. I am standing against the barrier of division. All along this line, and about ten feet deep behind me, the great mass of male visitors have crowded in. Behind this crowd is the space for the ladies, on the right; and on the left, the reserved seats for the diplomatic corps; and above this a small gallery for royal personages. The ex-King and Queen of Naples were in this gallery, besides some of the Coburg and Saxony families. We were undoubtedly better placed than either the ladies or the diplomatiques. The walls are one splendid continuation of art, containing the magnificent series of paintings by Michael Angelo, which have made the Sistine Chapel so famous.

By-and-by, two or three cardinals enter from a far-off door, to the right of the altar. They are dressed in white cambric rochets (embroidered), with a purple robe, and a train borne by a page, an ermine cope upon the shoulders, and a small red skull-cap on the tonsure of the head. The seats of the cardinals are raised benches, occupying three sides of their allotted half of the building; one of these benches is the line of division, beside which I am standing. The high throne of the Pontiff is on the left of the altar. As each cardinal takes his place, the attendant draws the train of rustling silk around his master, who, thus clothed in purple and fine linen, sinks down into his *sedia*. As each cardinal enters, his brother cardinals rise to receive him; and when the silk train of the new-comer is adjusted, they all take their seats together. This is repeated upon every new arrival. The attendants take their places on a lower bench, each at the feet of his own cardinal-master. At the commencement of the service, the Pope had not arrived. I counted eighteen cardinals present. I was standing so near

to one or two of these that I could not help seeing the portion of the Breviary they were reading. The cardinals variously occupied themselves during the interval. Some chatted seriously, some chatted jocosely, some muttered their Breviary, and some continually indulged in snuff-taking.

The orchestra is a small balcony, indented in the right-hand wall, with a gilded screen-work in front. Here the choir of the Sistine assembled. There was no organ. At half-past four, the first note of the *Tenebræ* sounded forth in a fine clear alto voice. It was rather startling, it was so sudden and abrupt. The office of the *Tenebræ* had begun. This service used to be held at night, but, for certain reasons, a change was made to the afternoon. It is intended to represent the death and burial of the Saviour, and the sorrow and the darkness of the sad season of his sufferings. To the right of the altar stands a triangular frame-work, with lighted candles on the two upper sides—fifteen in all: seven on one side, seven on the other, and one on the top. As each section of the *Tenebræ* is sung, an acolyte, with a tall extinguisher, quenches one of the lights. This continues for the space of one hour and three-quarters. The music of this part of the service is most dreary and uninteresting, and therefore a weary sort of work.

At about half-past five, the music suddenly ceased; a slight fluttering and excitement was observable at the further entrance-door beside the altar. By-and-by, a gorgeous procession moved into the chapel; the cardinals arose; we were all on tip-toe, looking out—it was the arrival of the Pope! This was my first view of the Pontiff. He wore a large, glistening, silvery-white mitre. This was lifted off his head. He worshipped toward the altar, then rose, and was in solemn pomp conducted to his throne, where he took his seat, and the *Tenebræ* continued.

At length, fourteen of the lights had been extinguished, and only one, the uppermost one, left alight. The frame-work was then lifted and carried behind the altar—this was to represent the burial of Christ. In a moment or two, it re-appeared and was restored to its place—this was the resurrection of Christ!

Then commenced the *Miserere*—one of the grandest, most plaintive, and most melancholy specimens of sacred singing. Its soft, sweet cadences rose and fell like angels' music in the still summer-sky. I followed the penitential words of David in Psalm li., reading from a Breviary kindly lent to me by a priest who stood beside me. This psalm was common ground, and I reverently listened to its sorrowful wailing notes; and I thought if Rome would only keep to the models of Holy Scripture, she need have no lack of opportunity for devotional exercises and penitential prayers.

After the *Miserere*, the Pope descended from his

throne; the cardinals, and prelates, and priests, all gathered round him; they knelt in long lines, one behind the other, radiating from the altar. Prayers were said by the Pope. The cardinals then resumed their former places, and knelt again. One more prayer was said; and, at the conclusion, a strange noise was heard, like the sound of muffled thunder. It was the usual *finale* of the *Miserere*,

caused by the cardinals striking their books or hands against the benches. The "Manual" puts it quaintly enough—"On fait un peu de bruit dans la chapelle." This was to represent the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion! Thus ended the grand celebration of the *Miserere* at the chapel of Pope Sixtus IV.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

ARTHUR OUGHT.



ARTHUR OUGHT, when about twelve years old, went to a large public school. He had to mingle with many of the sons of the aristocracy, who were preparing for Oxford and Cambridge. Arthur found all around him fresh and strange. He knew only the boy with the euphonious name of Tom Brown. Very soon he was initiated into all the various acts of school-boy freemasonry, and he passed through them well. He was not too proud to be pushed about by his seniors, and to have his general belongings overhauled by his juniors. He was not too selfish to mind an eclectic circle partaking of his cake without the formality of an invitation. He was not even angry when a boy, looking at the outspread acre of his snow-white collar, asked him, in just such vulgar slang as I heard Tom Roberts use the other day, if his maternal was cognisant of his absence, or if his mother knew he was out! He played at cricket, and the swift-bowling gentleman, by ingenious accident, hit his legs instead of the stumps; he limped a little, but laughed it off. He got run over without fainting, and passed through all the dexterous devices of boys to try his metal, and came off with all the honours of a Saxon schoolboy.

Arthur would do all, bear all, save *wrong*. Arthur Ought would not do that! Right manfully he means to wear his name! The bell rings at evening time, and they rush to their dormitories for the night, in which process Arthur was carried off his legs. He and Tom Brown slept in the same room with six others, including the sons of Lord Proudfoot and the Marquis of Bubbletown. And now, before he lies down to sleep, Arthur does not forget his God. The surrounding boys look, and leer, and laugh; but Arthur rises not from his knees. They do more, they whisper together, and one, bolder than the others, launches a boot at Arthur's head. True, he meant no harm, but it did more than graze the skin, it made the blood flow rather freely. Arthur knew that calm endurance was better than open rebuke—that it was not wise to answer a fool according to his folly: the

blow was bad, but the ridicule was worse;—a wounded spirit who can bear?

Arthur couldn't help hearing, "Pretty boy! did his mother make him kneel, then? did he wish he was at home?" But hark! a stir!—the second master's step is on the stair; one bound, and Arthur is in bed, having carefully concealed his scar of honour!

When the master had seen all right, and was gone, the boys began to whisper and wonder. Arthur wasn't such a bad fellow, after all. They hardly liked to bluster now, for conscience made cowards of them all, and it was with the deference of little gentlemen that they treated Arthur all the next day.

A few weeks afterwards, and if you took a glance into Arthur's dormitory, you would have seen the power of silent personal influence, even in the faultful acts of boyhood, for not a lad in all that room but knelt to ask in his Saviour's name the kind guardianship of God.

Many a battle Arthur had yet to fight, and many a little struggle to endure; but I feel quite sure that if God spares his life, though he may never be renowned as a prizeman or a statesman, he will always be a nobleman by nature, and a hero in the sight of God, for he has said, "Them that honour me I will honour." S.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The well where Gerar's herdsmen ceased their strife.
2. Proud Sidon's king, father of Ahab's wife.
3. The town whence, in a basket, Paul took flight.
4. Who, till his hand was tired, ceased not to smite?
5. Whose wisdom was with Solomon's compared?
6. The grave which Abraham for his wife prepared.
7. The place where Jehu Amaziah smote.
8. Whose son the words of Jeremiah wrote?
9. Whose son cast stones at David as he passed?
10. Where met Abimelech his death at last?
11. The river where his vision Daniel saw.
12. Who strove to save from fire the book of law?
13. The town where Paul secret release refused.
14. What captain falsely Jeremiah accused?
15. The name Mephibosheth his young son gave.
16. What Bethlehemite in Moab found his grave?

Time passes fast away;
Our days were given,
Not to be idly spent,
But to prepare for heaven.

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A STARTLING QUESTION.

IN a house full of servants nothing is ever long concealed, though Mrs. Tregabbitt, until Mr. Graspington came, issued orders that there should be no summoning the police, as Jessy had proposed, but that a profound silence should be observed.

The messenger dispatched to town to apprise Mr. Graspington of Edina's being missing, was too late to see that gentleman; who, when the post was delivered that morning, had received a letter which had evidently startled him; for, contrary to his usual custom, he set off instantly into the city, leaving word for Gilbert to follow him there.

Mrs. Kizzy would have needed a much clearer head than she possessed in order to understand the very ambiguous phraseology of the Rivercroft servant, who contented himself by saying, "It's of vital importance—they was my missus's—leastways my holdest missus's words—of vital importance, as Mr. Graspington should come at once to Rivercroft."

"Are the ladies all well?" inquired Kizzy.

"They're well, and they're not. They've had a loss—though, may be the loss will only be a somethink found hout;" with which intelligible piece of information he left the note entrusted to him, and promised to call again, resolving, meanwhile, to make the most of his opportunities, by going to look up some of his London comrades.

He might just as well have returned to Rivercroft at once, for neither Mr. Graspington nor Gilbert came back to the office that day; and when the evening was closing in both of them, entirely unaware of what had happened, and each very profoundly occupied with his own thoughts, were going down by omnibus to see Miss Ormond.

Only once had the elder Graspington broken silence, and that was as they passed the top of Sloane Street, where he saw Mr. Clipp on horseback; and, grimly, from the window of the cumbrous vehicle, saluted him. The horseman as grimly returned the salutation, and then, with an impatient air, reined up his horse and turned in another direction, disappointed of his purposed visit that night.

Mr. Graspington, with a sarcastic sneer curving his thin lips, said aloud, so that his grandson, amid the noise of wheels, caught part of the purport of the words, "Ha, you're foiled, my fine fellow, this once. It's my belief it will not be the only time you'll be disappointed."

Gilbert, though he had joined his kinsman at a lawyer's office in the city, where he had not previously known his uncle to do business, and had seen that there had been a clerk dispatched to Doctors' Commons, yet had not been present at the conference held, and did not know the nature of the business, except that he con-

cluded it referred to Miss Ormond's affairs, and that was enough—not so much to inspire curiosity as to cause depression. Her wealth was his sorrow. Had she, like himself, been poor, so that no possible mercenary motive could be imputed to him, he would have uttered the feelings that were burning and throbbing in his heart. He would have had a motive for exertion, a stimulus to study; and, though he might have had to work, and what was far more trying, to wait for years, yet the prospect—the promise that Kate Ormond should be his, would make any service light, even if like that recorded in the sweet patriarchal love-story of Holy Writ, it amounted to "the twice seven years—which seemed but as a few days for the love he bore her."

Thus these two, worldly and unworldly, kinsmen came, intent on other matters, only to hear, on their arrival, the astounding intelligence with which our readers are acquainted.

Nothing could be more marked than the difference with which the tidings were received. There was, of course, the most intense surprise in both; but Mr. Graspington, guiltily conscious that Edina knew the secret of her mother's hapless fate, and that he had behaved with great harshness towards her, was stricken with the conviction that the young girl had fled, in desperation, from the place, intent, in some way equally vague and rash, on seeking a mode of obtaining a livelihood away from those who held her in check and disowned her.

Something in the depths of his own nature told him that in his youth he might have acted similarly.

Both the elder and younger Graspington were in the drawing-room with Mrs. Tregabbitt when the news had been told; and as the little colour which he ever possessed faded entirely out of Mr. Graspington's face, as he heard in silence and made his own reflections on the matter, he felt that the eyes of the other two were fastened suspiciously on him, and he said, at length—

"Mrs. Tregabbitt, I don't believe that the girl has gone away with any one. I think she has resolved to get back again to her school in France. She lived there long enough for it to be like home to her; and there she's gone, no doubt. Let there be no fuss, and no talk till I write to Madame Le Blanc. I'm sorry, very sorry, that I moved her from thence."

"She has been, I can truly say, a trouble since she came," said Mrs. Tregabbitt, angrily, thinking that Mr. Graspington was, by implication, censuring her.

At that instant Miss Ormond entered the room, and, hearing the word "trouble," said, deprecatingly, "Nay, let us not complain of one who never may be able to defend herself."

"Thank you, Miss Ormond, thank you," said Gilbert. "On my cousin's behalf, I am obliged by your remembering that injurious conjectures may cruelly wrong her. And until something more transpires, I, for one, do not believe any evil of her, nor will I allow any one—ser-

wants or others—if I know it, to bandy about her name so glibly.”

The light flashed in his eyes as he spoke, and Kate Ormond looked at him, through her tears, approvingly. “There is one with a kinsman’s spirit towards poor Edina,” she thought.

“No one wants to bandy about her name,” said Mrs. Tregabbitt, and was proceeding to justify the conclusions she had drawn, when a servant entered the room with a roll of music, and Mr. Oakenshaw’s compliments to Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond.

“We cannot see him to night,” said Mrs. Tregabbitt, and was just about to send a message out by the servant, when Mr. Graspington exclaimed, quickly—

“I want to see Mr. Oakenshaw very particularly—pray let him in.”

The request was, of course, granted, and Mrs. Tregabbitt, despite her chagrin, almost smiled as she thought, “Can it be possible that old Graspington suspects that grave Gerald Oakenshaw of knowing anything about his granddaughter? Is he, after neglecting her all this time, going to make a fuss now?”

But she was silent from surprise, when Mr. Graspington interrupted her mental cogitations, by saying—“Not a word, if you please, about this awkward incident. I’ve something much more important to ask Mr. Oakenshaw.”

“More important than the loss of your own granddaughter?”

“Certainly, Miss Ormond—to you far more important—something, in fact, that concerns your claim to your late father’s name; and, what is of vastly more consequence, his property.”

This astounding remark of Mr. Graspington sounded to Kate so like a downright premeditated insult, that she was at once retreating from the room, when Mrs. Tregabbitt laid her hand on her arm and detained her, whispering, “Tough Graspington, my dear, is, I fancy, somewhat beside himself; we must excuse him.”

“I am obliged to remember his age, and that he is under my roof, in order to do so,” replied Miss Ormond, in an undertone and with a heightened colour.

“I am sure, sir, you cannot be aware how you are agitating Miss Ormond,” interposed Gilbert, hoping to recall his kinsman to a sense of his abruptness.

“Agitating—why, it’s no time to pick one’s words; and I, Tough Graspington, was never great in that way.”

“How can I serve Miss Ormond?” said Gerald, entering, and going up to her with open hands and beaming face.

“Not by palavering, but just by taxing your memory, Mr. Oakenshaw. Had Mr. Ormond, when he died, a brother living?”

“You ask your question rather strangely, sir, but I can answer it at once—“Not that I ever heard of.”

“You never heard Mrs. Oakenshaw allude to any brother?”

“N—o!”

At that moment there flashed into his mind and Kate’s simultaneously the scene at Boulogne. The words seemed to ring in both their ears:—

“Your uncle, your father’s brother.” He hesitated, and looked at Miss Ormond; “No—yes, that is—”

“What do you mean, Mr. Oakenshaw? what is it that you and Miss Ormond seem to hesitate about?” cried Mr. Graspington.

“Only this!” replied Kate, “that I was anxious to speak to my father’s sister, whom we unexpectedly met at Boulogne; and, she being apparently stricken with a sudden frenzy, did utter some incoherent words, implying that my father had a brother living. But why do you ask, sir? what does all this questioning tend to?”

Mr. Graspington answered her natural question by another—“Miss Ormond, it’s serious, I can tell you; it’s very serious.” He drew near as he spoke, and with more courtesy in his manner than he had yet exhibited, for he had a more manly reverence for Kate’s maiden delicacy than for her social dignity. “Do you know where your mother was wed? Have you her marriage certificate?”

Kate stood a moment, more erect than ever, but she turned deadly pale, and her eyes flashed indignantly.

“Who dares to question the fact?” she answered, with that feminine jump to conclusions that is at once so conclusive and illogical.

“That’s not an answer.”

“Sir, you hurry, you offend Miss Ormond,” cried Gilbert, angrily.

“What right have you to distress her with such questions?” added Gerald Oakenshaw.

“I’m her guardian,” was the reply that silenced both; but Mrs. Tregabbitt, who had made a running fire of unheeded comment, now interposed vehemently—

“No more her guardian, Tough Graspington, than I am; and I say that though I certainly never did hear Mr. Ormond say where he was married, and though his sister, it’s my belief, angered him about his wife—wouldn’t see her, or something of that kind, and I wasn’t for holding any intercourse with that sister in consequence—which, as it turns out, is a pity, for she could have put it right, perhaps; though I think she was mad when we saw her; yet, I’ll never believe but Miss Kate Ormond is the lawful daughter and heiress of my late lamented—”

“Pooh! it’s not what you believe, but what can be proved,” said Mr. Graspington, impatiently; “and the fact is, here’s a claimant turns up—a brother, he says, of Mr. Ormond, who denies that the late Mr. Ormond ever was married, or, therefore, has legal offspring.”

“A pretty story! that will want plenty of proof.”

“Proof! the fellow bristles with proofs. There’s a family Bible and a parish register of birth, proving his legitimacy; a bundle of family letters, and an old picture of the Ormond family—father and mother, and three children. Your late step-mother, Mr. Oakenshaw, is the girl in the picture, and, sure enough, there are two brothers. A capital likeness, allowing for the difference of age and youth to my old friend—and the brother, a boy, with rather a hang-dog look, but a family likeness, notwithstanding.”

At this juncture, Kate looked so sinking, that she gratefully accepted Gilbert’s arm, who led her at once from the room, while Mr. Graspington wound up his

remarks: "These proofs I've seen this day, and, unless we can show plainly a marriage, it's my firm belief that it's all over with Kate Ormond's dower."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS.

THE absorbing influence which questions affecting property have over all others, may well supply material for the satirist's comment. During the colloquy that we have recorded, Edina's loss had been absolutely forgotten, for the time, by all parties. It was not until Gerald Oakenshaw, after promising to look carefully over the few letters and papers of Mrs. Oakenshaw, which he yet possessed, had taken his leave of Mrs. Tregabbitt for the night, and encountered Gilbert alone in the hall, Miss Ormond having left him, that he ventured to ask the question which had been hovering on his lips when he first entered the house, and which he shaped rather ingeniously—

"Miss Ormond has now, I hope, the comfort of her young friend being with her? I wished she had been in the room during the recent agitating——"

"Oh, that she had, indeed!" exclaimed Gilbert, in a tone so grave that it at once arrested attention; and to the hasty query, "Why? is anything the matter? What is wrong?" there came the reply that could not be withheld from such evident earnest sympathy. In a hurried way, all that Gilbert himself knew of his cousin's strange flight was related.

"What steps have you taken," cried Gerald, impatiently, "to find her? Is it possible that you have lost a day—a whole day—nay, nearly a night and day, without seeking her?"

The confession had to be made that such was the case; and the young man, entirely unmindful of all ceremony, rushed back instantly to the drawing-room, and, interrupting the supplementary conversation of Mrs. Tregabbitt and Mr. Graspington, exclaimed to the latter—

"Are you aware how the time flies, and how important every hour may be—nay, must be—to your granddaughter? for though you, sir, have not acknowledged her, your relationship and its responsibilities are not unknown."

Mr. Graspington, thus abruptly called back from his thoughts about Miss Ormond's fortune, answered, testily, "I make no doubt by this time the girl is where I wish she had stayed—in France."

"But do you *know* that?" cried Gerald, "or is it only conjecture—mere heartless, futile conjecture?"

"And what, pray, have you to do with it, Mr. Oakenshaw?"

"This much, sir—common humanity, ordinary manliness; if you do not feel these prompting you to fly in search of that sweet—of your young relative, I mean—I do."

"I am willing—ready—this instant to go," added Gilbert, conscious that the earnest feeling of Gerald Oakenshaw shamed his own unintentional tardiness.

"You will go on no wild-goose chase, I can tell you, young sir, till I think proper to send you."

"Edina, sir, is all but a sister——"

"And if you want to ruin her reputation by giving tongue, and loosing a whole pack of hounds on her trail, you're going the very way. Mr. Oakenshaw, you can help me very materially in looking into this affair about Miss Ormond's property."

"Miss Ormond's property!" shouted Gerald Oakenshaw, indignantly, "and your grandchild's life, it may be, in danger!"

"I tell you what, then—I can take care of what belongs to me and my family; yes, I, Tough Graspington, and I want none of your interference."

"You must know where she is—hard as you are, you must," pleaded the young man, with a look of relief.

"Perhaps I do; but you've nothing to do with my affairs. Good night."

Gerald Oakenshaw did not answer, he looked sternly at Mr. Graspington and Gilbert for an instant, and, bowing hurriedly to Mrs. Tregabbitt, left the room and the house, and, without knowing what he did, strode on towards town. It was not until a cab passed him that contained Gilbert and his grandfather, that he was conscious of all the bitter load of anguish in his heart at the tidings he had heard. In vain he strove to reassure himself by recalling Mr. Graspington's hint that Edina was in France, and, if so, safe. A terrible misgiving still lingered. As to any degrading suspicion entering his mind, it was impossible; for in that hour of excitement he discovered the extent of the deep, unalterable affection that had grown up in his heart for the lonely girl, whose innocent face seemed to rise before him in all its delicate purity of expression and defy all slander, while it impelled him to immediate efforts to trace her.

An empty cab returning to town passed him. He hailed it, and was driven with all speed to the London Bridge Terminus, from whence he took the last train to Dover, and when the next morning sun rose he had landed at Calais, and was on the way to Guines.

Such promptitude ought to have been rewarded. Indeed, such is ever the salutary effect of prompt action that on the journey he had reasoned himself into the belief that Mr. Graspington undoubtedly knew that Edina was safe, though he chose to speak ambiguously. Nevertheless, he would have the assurance that it was so, and, more than that, he would frankly tell the object of his affections the motive which justified his seeking her, and, he trusted, bind to himself for ever one who was so lightly held by relations unworthy of her. Such thoughts as these so lightened the latter part of his journey, that it was with a hopeful smile on his lips he made the inquiry at the Maison de l'Etoile which, alas! was destined to end in bitter disappointment.

Madame le Blanc evidently knew nothing of her late pupil. She gave a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders when Mr. Graspington was named, indicating more plainly than words that her opinion of Edina's relative was the worst possible; but she was too cautious to say anything. The only beneficial result of Gerald's journey was that, as he hastened back the next night, the first person he met on landing was Gilbert, going, on his own account, the same bootless errand, and prevented him.

The meeting of the two young men, and their conversation on the recent painful events, led each to a more just appreciation of the other; and when, in answer to Gerald's inquiries, Gilbert said, "I have not been sent. My grandfather was for waiting for the tardy tidings the post might bring; but I resolved, please or displease whom it might, to go in search of my cousin," Gerald grasped his hand cordially, and rejoined, "There are times when a man ceases to deserve the name, if he hesitates at all risks to act promptly."

Gilbert had shown he believed this, for he had risked his future prosperity, and so mortally offended his grandfather the previous day, that they had parted in anger.

Indeed, while Gerald Oakenshaw had been so rapidly crossing and re-crossing the Channel, events had been progressing at Rivercroft. Rumour, that flies like a bird of ill omen, had carried on its mysterious wings some tidings to the household of the Clipp's, that not a little alarmed them. Of course, whether the tattle of servants about such an unimportant person as Edina was true or not, did not matter to them; but Mr. Graspington's calling at Benson and Clipp's, to look at Mr. Ormond's will, and examine papers and title-deeds, was singular; and when, later on in the day, a letter from the solicitors of William L'Estrange Ormond, containing notice of his claim to what was deemed, without a shadow of a doubt, Kate Ormond's dower, then Mr. Clipp lost no time in sending his mother and sister to make a call at Rivercroft, as he remarked, "to see how the land lay." Accordingly, the day on which Gerald Oakenshaw made his fruitless inquiries of Madame le Blanc, and Gilbert his decided rupture with his grandfather, Mrs. and Miss Clipp came to Rivercroft, with faces fashioned to the regulation look of sympathy, and cut-and-dry phrases of, "They had heard of trouble; what was it? If dearest Kate would explain all to them, no doubt they could help her."

But Kate was in no mood to see them, much less explain all. She had passed the night in the study, aided by Mrs. Tregabbitt in ransacking every scrap of paper belonging to her father, but entirely without success. The little tortoiseshell box, which the sight of the tress of hair recently found had brought so clearly to her remembrance, was not discovered. She had dwelt on it until Mrs. Tregabbitt wearied, and like many over-sanguine people, likely to suffer from a reaction, said, with a sigh—

"My dear, do you not think you have lately so dwelt on this that you may have led yourself to believe there was a wedding-ring and keeper, and slip of paper in the box?" and as Kate reiterated her conviction, her friend, something in the spirit of a Job's comforter, said, "Well, the worst come to the worst, your being engaged may prove a much better thing than I feared. I grudged you certainly to Clipp Junior; but he has a position, and, more than that, being in the law, he can make a good fight for your rights. Dear me! only to think you don't know where your mamma was married, or who were the witnesses."

"How should I when I was a mere infant? and as I grew older it always made papa so low-spirited

to talk about her. But I do grieve that I did not know my aunt; she could have told me surely about this brother."

Just as the conversation had reached this point, they came to a small bundle of old letters, endorsed, in red ink, "From my sister."

They were mostly angry rejoinders about Kate's father having disapproved of his sister's marriage. In one, however, there was this remark:—

I have no comfort from either of my brothers. If you have not disgraced me, as William did, you suffered a woman to come between us.

The letter fell from Kate's hand. It seemed bitterly conclusive. There was a brother—and the word "woman," under the present suspicions, bore, to Mrs. Tregabbitt, a testimony injurious to Kate's claims.

The sole result of their search sent them to bed in the small hours dispirited, and supplied Kate with a reason for not seeing the Clipp's. She could not bear the least shadow of disgrace, and to be pitied, by some people, seemed to her very like being scorned.

Mrs. Tregabbitt, however, saw them; and, though in the interests of Kate she tried to speak contemptuously of what she called "the preposterous claim set up," yet her visitors saw she was in reality alarmed, and, getting no satisfactory rejoinder to the remark, "Of course, dearest Miss Ormond has her mother's marriage certificate, or knows at least where it may be obtained?" they did not prolong their visit, and were no sooner in their carriage than the mother said, very decisively—

"I don't think a son of mine will be so weak as to marry a law-suit instead of an heiress."

"Kate Ormond's dower, in my opinion, was her principal—indeed, her only charm."

"Why, that girl Edina Smith, if old Graspington chose, would be a far more eligible match," rejoined the mother.

While they were thus speaking, a conference between Mr. Clipp and Mr. Graspington, in Red Lion Square, was leading the former to opinions very much like those held by his mother—"An heiress, not a law-suit."

Nevertheless, he called that evening at Rivercroft, and felt it a relief when Kate's plea, by no means assumed, of a headache prevented an interview.

If his call was in any way soothing to her *amour propre*, it must be owned that it caused no such genuine glow of satisfaction as a brief note from Gilbert Graspington, in which he told her that he was just departing for France to seek his cousin, and asked to be allowed to communicate the result of his search, and to assure her that, though he had left his grandfather in anger, he should be proud if she would command his services in any and every way.

There was a tone of sincerity in the short note that Kate felt; and she said to Mrs. Tregabbitt, as the tears started in her eyes, "I could almost envy our poor Edina such a kinsman."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure you may claim him as a friend."

"Yes," she said, sighing wearily.

Somehow the word "friend," good as it is, chilled her.

(To be continued.)